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VOLUME V. CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1937 NUMBER 45

Center of Arts Is Proposed for Monterey Area

The interest in Glenn Wessel's Art Center suggestion has been growing in Monterey. Wessels, supervisor of the Federal Art Projects in the East Bay, told of the government's plans at a recent meeting of the University Women's Club. The Federal Art Project, it seems, is establishing art centers all over the country in cities and towns where there is sufficient demand.

The cities supply the space and housing and physical equipment. The government will then supply an artist-instructor or instructors as the need may be. The project will also supply traveling shows of the works of project artists from all over the United States. These shows are being made up from the best works and have gotten very favorable criticism. All are property of the government and not for sale, but many have already gotten commissions for the artist.

ARTIST-INSTRUCTOR

The artist-instructor will teach and help people in the arts. None of this instruction interferes with or repeats any work that is already being done in the city. For instance, there would be no instruction in easel painting or drawing

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Well, That Finishes You!

RABIES EPIDEMIC NIPPED IN BUD

A threatened epidemic of rabies has been caught in time. Last week the S. P. C. A. picked up an obviously sick dog on Del Monte Avenue near the S. P. depot. The dog was taken to the detention kennels at Marina and died that agonizing death of rabies. The fact was verified by examination of the animal's head in Berkeley. We shudder to think of an epidemic of rabies on this peninsula where there are perhaps more dogs per capita than anywhere outside of an Indian village.

Dr. H. C. Sharp, county health officer, has issued a public warning for dog owners to keep their dogs at home and immediately report any animals that are sick. However there have been no new cases and it would seem that the epidemic has ben nipped in the bud by the sharp eyes of patroling humane officers.

DRIVE ON TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS PUSHED

The current drive on traffic offenders is continuing at too merry a rate for certain pocketbooks. The main point that the police are trying to clear up is around the Sunset School. On Monday morning four people were stopped and given their passes to the court house for not obeying the new stop signs. Angelo De Maria, Eugenie Daugherty, Eva Pearl Bell, and Marius Teulier are the four people who think less of stop signs than they did before. The patience of the police department is at an end, no more warnings but lots of tickets from now on.

During the month of November there were seventeen arrests, all for traffic violations. The police have also started a drive against people who park in the red zones. To reduce the number of alibis, the zones are all being painted a bright new Christmas red. The street department are the only men in the village that have the police department's permission to paint the town red. Three people with very red faces were picked up Tuesday morning: Milton Mayer of Watsonville; Louis Ottone of Salinas; and Marion Kingsland of Carmel. Hickey, gang! The cops!

Tommy Hooper entertained with a barbecue Saturday night at his house up the Valley. The guests were Sue Brownell, Joan and Beverly Tait, John Von Salza, Charlie Bechdolt, and Nancy and Carl Von Salza.

Make Believe To Start Season for Carmel Players

The Carmel Players are going to lead off their season with a Christmas play, "Make Believe." It has been decided that this play will be appropriate for the holiday season. Children will be needed for parts and it is hoped that the production will not conflict with the nativity play being produced at the Sunset School. Work is to start immediately.

Director Charles McCarthy says that he hopes to get the rights for "Topaze" and failing this he will try to get "Libel." Later in the season he has hopes of producing "On January 16th", the Broadway success produced by Al Woods. Lee Crowe played the lead in New York and he is now visiting Noel Sullivan. McCarthy says that Crowe is interested in doing it here.

A group headed by Myrtle Stoddard and Gene Watson have been reading A. A. Milne's "Belinda". They started the readings for their own amusement before McCarthy came back to Carmel. It is probable that they will go right ahead and produce the play as one of the theater workshop plays.

Betty Reynolds, who is attending the University of California, spent the holidays in Carmel visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Reynolds.

CHRISTMAS EVE A MONTH LONG

It seems that the city elders are come to a noble decision. They will decorate our streets, all the streets of the Peninsula, if we understand correctly, by the first week in December. We object. It won't make any difference, but we object. Even the glorious Christmas spirit can be overdone.

If this plan is carried out the townspeople will be so used to the glitter and brilliance that the effect will have worn off by Christmas day. No longer will the lights inspire that warm glowing feeling of good cheer, of friendship, of brotherly love, all the higher emotions that should fill the populace on this occasion. Instead they will have become such a habit that the pessimists will think only of the cost. Degrading but true.

Better to wait until nearer the 25th of December, then flash the streets with color, decorate the trees, festoon the stores, faster and faster, brighter and brighter. A short and dramatic swing up to Christmas Eve, that wonderful night.

Our motto has become: less boredom, more drama!

Vociferous Party Is Keyed Down by Cops

Police Chief Bob Norton was called out Wednesday evening to quiet down a Thanksgiving Eve party in an apartment north of the Forge in the Forest. A little too vociferous and annoying to neighbors. No arrests were made.

Four of Betty Greene's Horses Wreck Two Cars

Four horses of the Betty Greene Riding Stables caused at least two accidents on the Monterey road a few hundred yards from the intersection of the San Simeon highway and the County Road. The results of the evening's accidents are three dead horses, one badly injured horse, two wrecked cars and two people slightly injured by flying glass.

The horses were pastured down near the Mission. They escaped escaped early Sunday evening and were driven up the highway towards Monterey. It is said that a carload of CCC boys drove the horses along the road by yelling and honking horns. Several cars narrowly escaped running into them. When they were a little beyond the intersection with the Carmel County Road, they were struck by the Carmel-bound bus. The bus, a Packard sedan driven by Marshall Wermuth, was on the regular Monterey to Carmel run, arriving in Carmel at 6 p. m.

Wermuth says that due to ap-

(Continued on page 2)

CARMEL PLAYERS GROUP MEETINGS

Director Chick McCarthy of the Carmel Players reports that about ten people showed up at the first meeting of play writers. He hoped that even more would appear at Monday night's meeting. Writers and people who professed an interest in writing met and discussed manuscripts which were written by members of the group. Chick is not attempting to teach play writing, but merely to stimulate interest and to give people the benefit of group criticisms and discussions. This group is to continue meeting on Monday nights until play production takes all spare time.

All throughout last week interested people met with Chick at the Filmarte to read. Unfortunately there were no scripts of the contemplated plays. However it gave McCarthy a chance to become acquainted with the abilities of the various members of the players' group. These informal readings are to continue until work actually starts on play production which Chick hopes will be this week.

Steinbeck's Play "Of Mice and Men" Praised By N. Y. Critics

We are reprinting an article on John Steinbeck's play adaptation of his last book, "Of Mice and Men" from Sunday's San Francisco Chronicle. Many of Steinbeck's Carmel friends have wondered how New York would accept the play after its successful production by the W. P. A. theater group in San Francisco this Spring. That it has been enthusiastically received there can be no doubt on reading the following reviews.

"Of Mice and Men", the play which California's John Steinbeck adapted from his own novel of the same name, was universally acclaimed by New York critics who witnessed the premiere of the Sam Harris production last week at the Musix Box Theater.

All critics praised not only the play, but George Kaufman's direction and the acting of the entire company, particularly the contributions of Wallace Ford and Broderick, son of Helen Broderick, in the two principal characters, George and Lennie, and the Salinas valley settings designed by Donald Oenslager.

Writing in the New York Times, Brooks Atkinson said in part:

"There is considerable magnificence in the tight-lipped telling of this singular tragedy in the comradeship of two footloose men.

"If the story were callously told the conclusion might be unbearable. But Mr. Steinbeck has told it with both compassion and dexterity.

"If Mr. Steinbeck's talent is for pithy statement, he has met his match in the laconical Mr. Kaufman, who also works best in that way. He has cast the play with assurance of choice, and, excepting the off-stage sounds of wild life and husbandry in the barns, he has brilliantly staged it.

Wallace Ford's George is a marvel of patience and courage, while Broderick Crawford's lumbering Lennie is the perfect counterpart in uncomprehending earnestness and good-will. John F. Hamilton brings a third figure into the compact with his portrait of a defeated field laborer who grasps at straws for deliverance. Claire Luce acts vividly the part of a restless wife who cannot abide her husband.

* * *

Richard Watts Jr., of the New York Herald Tribune said in his review:

"Here in a richly rewarding dramatization is not only the first completely satisfying American play of the season, but the indisputable proof of something that many had suspected before—that Mr. Steinbeck's great writing talents belong decidedly to the theater. The force, richness and incisiveness of his dialogue, the heartiness of his characterization, and the sparseness and simplicity of his dramatic style bring to the stage a rare and distinctive power of which it is in earnest need. Although, 'Of Mice and Men' is unashamed in its sentiment and something of a tour de force in its conception, it is a work of beauty and true compassion."

Richard Lockridge of the New York Sun remarked:

"They have scraped off the smooth varnish which partially concealed the novel's sentimentality and they have kept only what was honest and authentically poignant; out of an adroit novel they have made an impressive play, blunt in language and emotion and gritty with reality."

* * *

Burns Mantle wrote in the Daily News:

"The play is as powerful a bit of stage realism as we have seen revealed since 'Rain' came to Broadway, and as honest an exposure of the human drift and its ruddier profanities as has been staged since 'What Price Glory?' shattered traditions a dozen years ago."

Winifred Howe is already planning for her next recital to be presented the early part of the year. The program will probably include the Bach Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue and a Mozart Sonata in C Major.

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ENGLISH TEA ROOM
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COOKIES - CAKES and PLUM PUDDINGS
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"When Good Fellows Get Together"
And they're all getting together for the FINEST DRINKS and FOOD at
WHITNEY'S
OCEAN AVENUE

FOUR OF BETTY GREENE'S HORSES WRECK TWO CARS

(Continued from page 1)

proaching headlights he didn't see anything until one of the horses, a pony belonging to Myron Oliver of Monterey, which had been pastured with Betty Greene's horses, shied in front of the bus. The car struck the horse full on, throwing it over the hood so that the pony's hooves broke the windshield. Wermuth tried to swerve and avoid the collision as soon as he saw the animal, but it was too late. In swerving he suddenly ran into the second horse, badly injuring it.

The first horse died instantly and the second had to be shot. Two women in the bus, Mrs. Radbruck and Mrs. Jackie Kelone, were injured by flying glass and the latter suffered an ankle injury. First aid treatment was administered at the Community hospital. The front of the bus was a total wreck and the car had to be towed to Monterey.

Shortly after this, Peter Ferrante, Monterey attorney who lives in Hatton Fields, was returning home from work when he ran into another horse. Ferrante was uninjured, the front of his car was badly damaged but he was able to drive it away from the scene of the accident. Cecil Abett of Salinas drove into the fourth horse, causing some damage to his car. One of the latter two horses had to be shot because of a broken leg. The remaining horse is badly but not seriously hurt. The were removed by Guy Curtis with two dead horses on the highway the Humane Society truck.

TROUBLE WITH BOYS

Betty Greene said that she has been having trouble with boys entering the pasture and riding her horses. They have left the gates open before. Also there is one corner of the pasture that is used as a pedestrian short cut and people have broken the fence. She isn't sure which happened but she is certain that the fences were right when she last inspected her horses. Frank de Ameral took the two horses struck by Pete Ferrante down to Miss Greene's stables and it was there that Police Chief Bob Norton was called in to shoot the badly injured animal.

This further adds to the streak of hard luck that has been suffered by Betty Greene. She just recently was discharged from the hospital where she had been treated due to injuries received from a horse kick.

Thomas Larkin was the first and only United States consul to Mexico in California.

Hotel La Ribera
Lincoln at Seventh Phone 800
H. C. OVERIN, Mgr.

JANSON'S RADIO CONCERT ON KDON

Borghild Janson's third Fireside recital will take place tomorrow evening over KDON at 9:15. The program will consist of ancient Christmas songs beginning with the 6th century.

Edith Anderson, Lily Walker, Annabelle Powell, Nancy Gross, Irene Kitchen, Ann Leffingwell, Ellen von Kleinschmidt, Andrew Sessink, and W. B. Williams will all take part in the program. May Williams will be at the piano.

The program is as follows:

Silent Night, theme song—Chorus.

The Friendly Beasts—Old English 11th century—Edith Anderson.

Sleep Little Love—Alsatian Noel, 10th-11th century—Lily Walker, solo; Chorus.

Come All Ye Shepherds—Old Bohemian Noel from the 6th century; I Saw Three Ships, Old English 15th century—W. B. Williams.

A German Cradle-song from the 14th century—Chorus.

Jesu and Maria—Old German, 1650—Annabelle Powell.

Here a Torch—French Provencal Noel, date uncertain—Edith Anderson, Annabelle Powell, Chorus.

Conventry Carol—Old English, 12th century—Nancy Gross.

From Heaven I Was Sent to Earth, Old German 15th century—Chorus.

On the Mountain, Old German song from Schlesian—Edith Anderson, Lily Walker, W. B. Williams.

The Sleep of the Child Jesus, Old French Noel—Lily Walker, Chorus.

Silent Night—Chorus.

Sybil's Camera Study Basis for Mag. Cover

Sybil Anikeyev received a somewhat roundabout compliment in Sunday's San Francisco Chronicle when that worthy sheet used one of her fisherman portraits as the basis for a cover drawing for their world events section "This World". Ray Minehan made the drawing from Sybil's camera study, but she was given credit. The drawing was an illustration to accompany the Alaskan fishermen's protest of the Japanese salmon fishermen's activities off the coast of Alaska.

Pigeon Season Opens

That distant thunder and cannonading that you heard early this morning and throughout the day is not the Sino-Chinese war. No, only a few thousand hunters strung along Chew's Ridge and banging away at passing pigeons. The next few days will be slim pickings for the butchers but high spots for the ammunition dealers. The hardies got their ducks on the opening days Saturday and Sunday and now for a piegon pie.

Art Association Met To Discuss Plans For Annex

About 25 members of the Carmel Art Association met last Wednesday afternoon in the art galleries. The meeting was in the way of being a pep rally to push the sales of the tickets for the Christmas drawing. The board of directors voted to sell 200 tickets which are to finance the new annex to the gallery. The annex is planned for the use of young artists and art students as a place for them to carry on their study and to exhibit their works as well as to house occasional traveling shows.

Wednesday the reasons for the annex were thoroughly discussed and more uses were thought up. It will be a busy little annex. A gallery for odd mediums and conceptions, a gallery to exhibit private collections, a gallery for traveling shows, and oh, yes, a gallery for the young artists.

TICKETS GOING FAST

The tickets are going very fast and there are but few left for the art-minded public to buy. These sell at five dollars apiece and entitle the purchaser to a chance at one of seven pictures at the drawings in the gallery on the afternoon of December 21. Three paintings, one each by Paul Dougherty, John O'Shea and William Ritschel and two etchings each by Armin Hansen and Paul Whitman.

The chances are one in twenty-eight of getting a valuable picture, better chances by far, it was pointed out, than the Irish Sweepstakes. Besides this the purchaser of a ticket is given a year's associate membership in the Art Association which in itself entitles the member to an etching at the year's end. You can't lose.

ART TO TRAVEL

The show of paintings taken to Stanford by Pedro Lemos, curator of the Stanford Museum, was reported upon. The show is home again followed by enthusiastic reports. Salinas has asked for a show of local paintings, about sixty will be sent, and other towns are becoming interested in traveling shows of peninsula artists.

The meeting ended with a resolution to ask the city council for paving in front of the gallery to do away with the discouraging winter mud puddles and also the association deplored the habit of merchants parking their cars on the sidewalk on both sides of Dolores at the north side of Ocean. It makes walking to the gallery a difficult thing and has discouraged many a visitor from seeing the current show. Police headquarters being on that corner, it was suggested that in time the police might notice this infringement on the liberties of the pedestrian.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Davis are spending some time at their home in the Highlands.

Gold Coast Troup Playing of 49ers May Be Repeated

The Troupers of the Gold Coast have trouped through such a successful run at the First Theater in Monterey that Dame Rumor is putting them on again for a Christmas to New Year's run. They played "The 49ers" by T. W. Henshew, an old play of early California. The melodrama was replete with smiles and tears, hisses and cheers and thunderous climaxes. It ended with the noble hero not only winning the girl of his choice but delivering a moral sermon to the audience.

The play was of such a late 1800 melodramatic school that it gave the cast free play in clowning their lines and actions. The cast took full advantage of the opening, but the whole evening blended so well that the burlesque never annoyed. Dan James as the six foot four wronged hero was marvelous and the outstanding character in the show. (We were tempted to say that he stood head and shoulders above the rest of the cast, but we decided not to). His juvenile make-up and delsarte gestures were perfection itself. Spud Grey as the lisping little miner made a grand contrast to Dan.

HISS-S-S

Director and Head Villain Lloyd Weer got cheers for his direction but thunderous jeers and hisses as the dark-souled searer of women's honor. Thelma Miller, the wronged gal who had trusted once too often, carried her load of sorrow and pain with beautiful gestures and heaving bust. Flavia Flavin, too, bore well her tragedy of secret marriage, fast sprouting child and a denied yen for the manly hero. The precocious child was well played by Cornelia Bell, who is twice the age of the child in the play.

Ross Miller's diamond in the rough won eternal happiness for Thelma.

Harry Hedger twisted his mustache through the role of the weak brother of the hero who is finally tossed over the cliff for his trust in family blood. Parson Gath was betrayed by Billy Shepard; we don't think he had the right mental attitude for a real parson. His expressions belied his frock. Betty Bryant handled her bit of the Irish housekeeper in the good old school of Irish comics. Harold Gates as a sluice box robber and Mark Sharer and Sam Colburn as miners completed the very excellent and fun-loving cast.

AFTER-SHOW RIOT

The after-show was mastered by Spud Grey in a mad hatter hat. Spud had more fun than the peanut-crunching audience and they had the time of their lives singing between numbers and cheering the acts. Laura Applegarth did well with the slightly over-done "Tavern in the Town." It has become the trade-mark of after-shows, more is the pity. Dan and Rosalie James and Lang Howard played some right smart music as a Haywire Trio. Mary Henderson and Bob Bratt clowned and sang through very funny versions of 'My Merry Oldsmobile" and "Bicycle Built for Two".

Jerry Chance's marvelous number, "How Little Nell Founded Los Angeles" was carried over from the last show and received its due enthusiastic response. The Hangtown boys and girls did a gorgeous chorus number with Laura Applegarth finding Dan James' head a little high.

The hit of the evening was Edith Anderson's operatic burlesque, "They Laughed When I Got Up to Sing". The only number that was allowed an encore and for which the audience howled for a third appearance. The show ended with the perennial favorite, "In the Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden" which was originally imported from a London Music Hall via the short wave radio. Simple and very humorous sets by Phil Nesbitt tied the whole performance together, while the inimitable Jerry Chance was maestro and orchestra at his piano.

SIGNS POINT NORTH SIGNS POINT SOUTH

Over Thanksgiving holiday the automobile association has been busy at sign erecting. Now our police department may rest easy, for signs along highway number one point up to San Francisco and down to San Luis Obispo. No more will weary travelers be fooled into detouring through Carmel, thinking it to be the main route. No more will our alert policemen catch confused tourists and set them right with a smile and be answered with a curse. Aye, life is straightening out.

NOVEMBER BUILDING TAKES A BIG SLUMP

Building Inspector Birney Adams reports that the total November building permits, with one more day to run, is $10,648. Roughly, nine thousand dollars below last month. It brings the year's total building expenditures to $305,042.-15. The fifteen cents might be sales tax.

This Nippy Weather Really Quite Warm

So you think that you have been cold? So did we, but then we saw an Eskimo on Ocean avenue on Sunday. At least he must have been from Iceland, because for him it was so warm he was walking the streets in nothing but his bathing trunks. Let's all go South.

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COCONAUGHTS

By IMA TEMPEST

When one can think of nothing to write about, he has only to lean back in his chair and think of the droll occurrences taking place about the universe.

* * *

A young man was assisting his mother out of the elevator one evening in a New York apartment, when the elevator door closed on the back of her skirt. The elevator boy was not conscious of the fact, and immediately drove the vehicle downwards, taking the rear end of her evening gown with him. Needless to say, a dowager does not look her best walking down a corridor minus the rear end of her wardrobe. It must have been quite merry for those about the hall, but I don't imagine it was very comfortable for the dowager. After all, the night are cold in the East right now!!

* * *

Monday afternoon while walking along Dolores I met with a relaxed vision of two docile black collies, whiling away their time in the back end of a Ford truck. One leaned lazily on the back of the seat peering quietly at pedestrians, who peered back quite as lazily. The other canine lay smouldering with his chin resting on the side of the truck, opening an eye now and then to take inventory of the situation. These two lazy, relaxing creatures were a perfect example of WE Carmelites.

* * *

Many are glad to see that the traffic button has been removed from the corner of Junipero and Ocean. More than once has our car come flipping down the hill to a standstill at the Stop sign, (for the benefit of the Police Department) then when starting up again, quivered madly over that unattractive button practically taking the feathers off our hats. However, the big glaring Stop Signs don't add much to the village, and I am inclined to believe that the buttons are more becoming, if we must have law and order.

* * *

An honest man was seen in the village this week. He found four golf balls outside the Pebble Beach course, and threw them all back on the course.

Robert Meltzer and Dorothy Comigore, a dog and several cats, have moved into Carmel from Marion Meredith Inn. They have located in the Toyon Studios on Santa Fe, where Bob will write and Dorothy will live up to her nickname of Isadore Duncan.

SMOKES - CANDY
MAGAZINES
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CENTER OF ARTS IS PROPOSED FOR MONTEREY AREA

(Continued from page 1

in Monterey for the High School adult education division already takes care of that. But such new and increasingly popular ideas and mediums such as mosaics, tiles and tapestries would be taught. Each of these is treated from the angle of the latest developments and trends. For instance at the present time the Art Project is ordering special colored glass threads from the Corning Glass Works with which to weave permanent tapestries in everlasting material and coloring.

MONTEREY HACIENDA

An idea of this sort was started in Monterey about two years ago when, under the S. R. A., the Monterey Hacienda was planned. It was to have been on El Estero and to have been a center of the arts to tie in with the city's recreation center. The materials were to have been supplied by the city and the labor by S. R. A. Robert Stanton even drew the plans. However there wasn't enough S. R. A. labor at the time and then that alphabetical agency fell through. If Monterey organizations show enough interest to supply ground and buildings, the labor for which can be supplied by the W. P. A., then the Federal Art Project will step in and organize the Art Center and keep it going.

Let it be hoped that Monterey is well aware of this opportunity and will take advantage of it. The project is swamped with demands from other cities and towns, but Monterey is one of the most logical places for such a project.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Kelly and Miss Katherine Kelly, of Chicago, who are well known to many Peninsulans, are spending some time at Del Monte Lodge.

Carnegie Series Art Exhibitions Start in Carmel

Monday night saw the first of a series of six exhibitions and lectures on art at the Sunset School. These lectures are brought here by the San Francisco Museum of Art's Carnegie program under the local sponsorship of the Monterey High School's night school division. The lecture was given by R. J. Gale. The series is to appeal to the layman with art leanings and not for the artist himself.

The first exhibition and talk was entitled "The Language of Art". The various elements of art were discussed and illustrated by reproductions from the artists who best illustrated these separate elements; color illustrated by Van Gogh, light by Vermeer and Daumier, movement and rhythm by Franc Marc and Botticelli and design by Matisse.

Former Carmelite Gets Canadian Post

E. J. Atter, formerly of Carmel has been appointed technical assistant to the temporary Alberta Social Credit Commission. The appointment was made public by G. L. MacLachlan, chairman of the Alberta Social Credit Board.

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Last week we broke out in paens of joy about the renaissance of art in Carmel. We attended the Art Association meeting after our outbursts. Perhaps we should go back to the beginning and gather up the threads. A group of young artists and art students have been meeting every Monday night and have been hiring a model. They have been getting that invaluable art experience of working together, criticising and helping each other. The idea inspired certain of the members of the Art Association. You see, like so many such organizations, it was organized at a certain period and then by a natural process, found itself muscle-bound. It had no real and sympathetic place for the coming generation of artists.

Suddenly members of the association became aware that there was a new, or several new, generations of artists coming along. They became aware that these young people were so interested in art and wanted so much to learn and progress that they would band together and of their own will and volition hire a model and work in a small, overcrowded and very badly ventilated shack—the Stove Pipe Shack.

Two members who felt this the strongest immediately volunteered one hundred dollars apiece towards the building fund for an annex to the gallery. This annex was supposed to be dedicated to the younger artists and to their shows and to their art classes. The idea took with the Association and we became very interested and pushed it in the CALIFORNIAN. The board of directors decided to have a sale of tickets with a drawing, the winners to have their choice of seven works of art donated by established and well known artist members. The tickets were sold and are still being sold at a surprisingly fast rate.

Grand! Now we are getting places. But lo and la, we went to the meeting of the art association and there were only about four people who could represent this element of younger artists. The older artists, members who had established and built the association were far in the majority. They discussed with enthusiasm the sale and the coming annex—for the younger artists. Soon someone suggested that it would be a grand place to show outside shows in order to give Carmelites and Carmel artists an idea as to what was taking place in the outside world of art.

The minority didn't speak up; after all they were the recipients, the ones who were going to be benefited. Finally, just as the meeting was about to break up, a great wave of enthusiasm swept the assembled members. They would give educational shows in this new annex. One member had a beautiful collection of Japanese prints, one had a superb collection of etchings and still a third had some rare and excellent examples of Chinese art. Surely, they cried, each of us has collected works of art. Of course it is only natural that we should want to exhibit the fruits of our collectioneering.

The younger artists said not a word, those three or four present. In fact it seems that of those present, none were of the Stove Pipe Shack group, the group for whom the idea was originally started. These artists and students have done nothing but approve of the idea. They haven't made one move towards selling tickets for the benefit of their gallery, they haven't in any way offered to help to benefit themselves.

The movement for a new annex is progressing. There are only a few tickets left. The gallery does badly need an annex, even several new galleries to house all the exhibition possibilities, the private collections, the traveling shows, the segregation of the varied mediums and conceptons, the crafts and so forth. It is a worthy cause for the development of Carmel. But it probably will not be for those for whom it was originally intended. They have only themselves to blame. They either didn't want the annex or they wanted it given them with a silver service as a premium . . . and they don't even want to clip the box tops to get the service. We still say buy the tickets. There is so much need for gallery space that Carmel and the Art Association will benefit one way or the other.

* * *

The long ordered and awaited stop signs are up at the pedestrian crossing at either end of the school zone. An added protection for the children and an added annoyance for the car driver. Not all of them will obey those signs. The police will do their best to enforce the rule, but the department isn't large enough to station a man there at all times.

Which brings us down to the subject of Junipero Street again. It was obviously originally planned as the main through street from North to South. It has a hundred foot right of way from the intersection with Serra Street down to 12th. It would route through traffic and out-bound traffic away from the school, relieve the traffic congestion in the middle of town, and cut out the dangerous corners of the present route, the right angle turn into Thirteenth street and another right angle turn into River Drive and the twisty drive road. Surely the engineering problems aren't great. A culvert behind the school and a grading and filling job at Eleventh street, the rest of the work would be ordinary grading. What about Junipero Street?

CHRISTMAS CAROL 1937

A Play In One Short Act

Mrs. Smith seated at the kitchen table, pencil in one hand, pad of paper on the table. Outside the kitchen door may be heard the shouts and laughter of little children at play, with an occasional explosion caused by junior's miniature anti-aircraft gun. Mrs. Smith frowns, and talks to herself as she makes out her Christmas list. (She is very heckled).

Mrs. Smith: Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents, grumbled Jo. Bah, humbug, the old Scrooge. It seems as though I have less money than ever this year to spend on Christmas. And I thought the depression was over.

(Outside is heard a bang, bang!)

Junior wants a real machine gun this year, but I'm afraid he's a little too young. Perhaps he would be just as happy with a 30-30. I wonder if I could pick up a second-hand one at the pawn shop. Sister cries herself to sleep every night because she hasn't a nurse's uniform.

(From far off down the street we hear a newsboy calling, "Extra, Extra, Japanese advance, thousands killed").

Mrs. Smith: Maybe I can manage for Junior and Sister, but I am in a quandry as to what to buy for Baby Boy. (Calling to one side). Baby boy! What do you want Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?

Baby Boy (off stage): Nuts to that line, Ma. See if the old man will fork over enough for a bomber. I want it all equipped, too.

Mrs. Smith, sadly: Oh dear, what will I do? With father out of work, too.

(Another newsboy is heard: "Extra, Europe on the verge of war. Warship bombed, 10,000 killed.")

Mrs. Smith: Tsk, tsk.

(The door opens and Mr. Smith steps in the room, beaming broadly).

Mrs. Smith, happily: Oh, you've found a job! We will have a happy Christmas ,anyway, won't we?

Mr. Smith: Yes, a job, but one which will keep me traveling quite a bit.

Mrs. Smith: Traveling salesman?

Mr. Smith: No, I've joined a contingent to go to Spain to fight. We leave tomorrow . Isn't that wonderful?

(At this point, Tiny Tim hobbles into the kitchen on his crutch, and cries: God bless you, every one).—B. I.

SINGLE ROPING

By ELEANOR IRWIN

Nights that are clear and cold with all the stars trucking like mad things and the pines singing in swing time are excellent nights for the ghosts to take the old road over the hill. There are some very fine, upstanding ghosts in this part of the country, too, ghosts that rank with the best of them. Most of them belong to the old Spanish days. They have all been around long enough to be well established and play at their haunting with no small amount of humor. Unfortunately they have a bit of trouble with automobiles. It's pretty hard to do a good haunting job when the intended victims go by at 60 miles an hour. If you want to meet the ghosts, they are really charming, the best way is to walk over the hill from Monterey.

The most famous ones are the White Horse and rider, the horse is easily distinguished for he has a brilliant light shining in the middle of his forehead. The rider carries a perplexed and sad expression. When last seen he was coming out of the mission gates headed for Monterey. Then there is the infant that you may find crying in the road. He is cold and unhappy, his wails are pitiful. If you pick him up, feeling all the boy scout in you rising to the occasion he will snuggle so trustingly into your arms. Beware, for this is no ordinary infant but a full-fledged ghost. Presently his goos and gahs turn into diabolic laughter, he becomes a hideous, screaming, pointed-tailed-red-eyed devil. When this happens drop him and run like hell.

There are other ghosts, too. At the Devil's Elbow on the summit you may come across three friars marching arm in arm through the quiet night, or a hen with a brood of chicks happily cheeping and scratching in the soft dirt beside the highway. These contented fowls were the cause of a murder and a suicide. Treat them with respect.

Coyotes are the reincarnation of those unfortunate persons who are doomed to wander the face of the earth without rest or hope or peace. They are the souls of the damned who can enter neither heaven or hell. The eerie, long drawn wail, the loneliest of all sounds, means the passing of another soul. And the hideous yapping that curdles the blood, chills the spine, calls all the haunted souls of the world into one small acre, that is the laughter of the damned.

The coyote is among the hauntingest of all ghosts. Should you wrong a person he may, when he dies, take the form of this little tawny animal and haunt you into an untimely grave. It has been done. That is what became of Juan Verechagas . . . but that is also another story.

In 1837 the first overland trade with Americans began. A large herd of cattle was driven from Monterey to the settlers in Oregon.

Shadows on the Mirror

Now that Thanksgiving has added several pounds to our normal weight and that Christmas is leering around the corner, a crowded corner, we might add, for New Year's is also there, complete with paper hats, whistles and Old Lang Syne, now that all this is in the offing it is high time to prepare for the parties to which we hope to be invited.

Some time ago we spoke of glitter, again we will speak of glitter. The more like the Christmas Tree you look this year the better off you will be. Tinsel, beads, jewels, real and fake, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, rings, clips, gold, silver, copper, jade, amethyst . . .

More fun, more people killed in the crush! The important thing to remember is in this mania for decoration is to have the foundation as simple as possible. The plainer the dress, in cut and color, the better it will show ornaments. Also, the more economical it is for changes in the accessories change the whole appearance of the outfit.

Embroidery is amusing in belts and accessories. A plain black felt belt with a metal buckle and occasional jewels may carry interesting wool embroidery in all the colors of the rainbow. It will dress up any outfit and add that certain festive note so welcome in the cold season when holidays are in order.

These little touches are especially good if you have to buy ready-to-wear clothes. It assures you of individuality regardless of how inexpensive the foundation clothes may be. Individualty is one of the great secrets of dressing well and distinctively. The lucky few who can afford to have their things made to order, custom built as it were, do not have to worry so much about the distinctive accessories. You will see them do it, however.

Clothes can and should express the wearer's personality as completely as her home. Unfortunately there are great numbers of women who have splendid ideas about their homes and clothes but who do not fit them together. I knew a horrible example of this . . . her house had maroon drapes, maroon chairs and divans and she, poor misguided soul, purchased a scarlet hostess dress. Both of them excellent apart, deadly together. It is a horrible truth that this error is common, all too common. To us it is sufficient grounds for divorce.

The clever woman builds her setting around the events and decor of her life. If you cannot harmonize your home and your wardrobe it's time to go back to school and learn the fundamentals of design all over again.—N. L.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell have left to spend a month in the East. They were accompanied by Count and Countess André de Limur who will sail for Paris, but they plan to return in the Spring for a longer visit. The Russells are returning to the West Coast in time for the Santa Anita races.

RIMROCK

By H. A. L.

(Editor's note: A tall, lanky mountain man saw an issue of the Californian, liked it, and sent us the following column of stories. A bushwhacker from the San Benito mountains and a side-winder from the plains of Nevada, H. A. L. is just plain mountain folk. When not driving cattle or breaking horses—which take most of his daylight hours, he lays on the floor before the fireplace, with only the fire for light and writes these tales on the back of a shovel . . . or was that Abraham Lincoln?).

There are old stories that come from the people in the hills for which there seems to be more or less of a craze at the present time.

So this is about the old Indian who needed money to gather and sell about 100 head of wild horses that carried his brand. He was advised to see a local bank and arrange a loan. The banker was quite cold but said he would send an inspector to look over the horses. The inspector arrived and in due time the customary red tape was completed and the Indian got his money. The delay cost him several hundred dollars.

When he received the loan he hired help, gathered and sold his horses. His check was in the neighborhood of $1000 which he took to the bank, cashed and paid his hundred.

The banker, thinking it was a golden opportunity, put forth his best sales talk which, in brief, went much like this:

"White Horse, this is an old established bank. Now you have money so why not open an account with us? We will invest your money wisely and increase it for you."

The old Indian listened to a great deal of this talk; his only answer was an occasional grunt. Finally the banker wiped his brow in despair and came out with the only words he could think of: "Well, White Horse, shall we open your account?"

The Indian's expression did not change. He picked up his money and walked to the door, opened it and started out, but before leaving looked back at the banker and made a very simple statement: "White Horse want to see your horses—then talk—goodbye".

The following year was 1932 and the Nevada bank could not check up on its horses.

DUTCH-IRISH BALLAD

The second story is about a Dutchman who came into the back country to work in a mine. After about three months he decided a haircut and a little liquid refreshment would be in line. He forgot the first but remembered the second, quite well. At about three in the morning at a combination post office and bar he and a few of the cowboys from a big outfit that also needed haircuts, and whose horses had spooked at the cat and dog fight under the hitching rack, were the only ones left in town. Of course the boys wanted to make a night of it (which was in their minds when they picked their ponies) and about this time they started to sing.

By four o'clock the Dutchman had consumed a bit more whiskey but had not sung so much as a note. The cowboys insisted — "Dutch, in this country we are all friends—come on now, let's have a song—just a little one." No luck.

Finally a good-natured boy put his arm around Dutch and said, "Come on, old boy—we all like you—you're a real sport." The well oiled and sugary tone broke down Dutch's last resistance. With a firm hold on the bar he turned and with a heavenly smile broke into song, a bit thick but quite distinct to Mike, who had also been very quiet. "Mine vild Irish wose. She bain the sweetest flower vot growess . . . "

It was too much for Mike and Dutch woke up in the morning with a headache—half of which was caused by the contents of a bottle and the other half by the bottle itself, delivered with Mike's compliments—and good aim.

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

Among those seen enjoying Saturday evening at Hotel Del Monte were Nancy Gross, Jean Cowan, Shirley Hoffman, Doris Dale, Barien Cator, Theodora Gross, Mrs. Jack Orcutt, Louis Conlan, Jon Konigshofer, John Menzies, Gordie Campbell, Jack Lawrence, Bud Todd, Leon Walker, Mr. and Mrs. William Dekker, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Tiedemann.

* * *

Henry Dickinson was host at a small buffet supper Friday evening. Those seen enjoying the spaghetti under the head of a homely wart hog and a few other animal heads around the Dickinson's living room walls, were Mr. Henry Dickinson, Sr., Bill Dickinson, down from the city, Adrienne Lillico and Mr. and Mrs. John Gooch, from Berkeley, who are visiting in Carmel for a few days.

* * *

Budd Todd, who is now attending San Mateo Junior College, spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Carmel with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Todd, at their home on the Point.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tulmin have just returned from a six months sojourn in Europe and are back in their home, the Larkin house.

Eric Coster and Carl Latham spent the week-end in Carmel staying at Charlie Voland's house on the Point. Eric, who was formerly the assistant publicity manager at Del Monte, is now doing publicity for the 20th Century-Fox Studios inin Hollywood. His many friends here were delighted to see how well he has recovered from a recent attack of infantile paralysis.

* * *

Among the Mills College girls who spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Carmel staying at the Davis Cottage were Virginia and Jean Carleton, Chloe Doer, Florence Hawkins, Mary Suezelli, Patricia Sullivan, Virginia Fuller, and Dorothy Furnish.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Snyder are visiting the Henry Jurs. Mrs. Jurs spent the holidays in San Fancisco, but returned Monday.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Johnston and their daughters, Nancy and Carolyn, of Sacramento, spent Thanksgiving in Carmel as the guests of Mrs. Johnston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dean.

* * *

Doug Whittaker, from San Francisco, spent the week-end in Carmel visiting his sister, Inez.

* * *

Virginia Hale is spending ten days in the Bay Region visiting friends.

* * *

Roy Mulford, from Everett, Washington, left Sunday for Los Angeles after a week's visit with Dr. J. P. Chance.

* * *

Louis Conlan spent Thanksgiving in San Francisco with his father, Dr. F. J. Conlan.

* * *

George McDaniel, from San Francisco and San Jose, spent the week-end in Carmel as the guest of Rex and Dorothy Flaherty.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert, two children, and one dog went to San Jose over the holidays to spend Thanksgiving with Jack's aunt.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John McGee have just opened their home, "Asilo", in Pebble Beach after spending the past three months in the East.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Chance from Berkeley spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mrs. Chance's family, the Reamers, at their home on the Point.

* * *

Mrs. Burton Williams left Monday for Los Angeles to spend a few days.

CAST OF 49ERS HAVE 49ER PARTY

Following the Saturday night performance of "The 49ers", Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous entertained members of the cast and a few friends at the First Brick House. Tamales, enchiladas and red wine were served and music was provided for dancing by the Haywire Orchestra. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Anderson, Mrs. Hartigan and Miss Margaret Hartigan, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weer, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Dan James, Mrs. Connie Bell, Mrs. Mort Henderson, Mrs. Betty T. Bryant, Flavia Flavin, Betty Rae Sutton, June Heidrick, Laura Applegarth, Kay Knudsen, Harry Hedger, Billy Shepard, Spud Gray, Allen Applegarth, Sam Colburn, Frederick Meagher, John Stanley, and Langley Howard.

Chick McCarthy Reads Marlowe's Dr. Faustus

Charles McCarthy, director of the newly formed Carmel Players, is to do some dramatic readings before the Carmel Women's Club. McCarthy has chosen Marlowe's Dr. Faustus from which to read. The meeting will be held this morning at the Pine Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow returned Monday from Burlingame where they spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan. At the same time they said "bon voyage" to Mrs. Winslow's mother, Mrs. Anderson, who sailed for Honolulu. The Winslows are planning to sail the 7th of this month for the same destination, to be gone a month.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Selby McCreery came over from their ranch near Tres Pinos to spend the Thanksgiving holidays at Del Monte Lodge.

* * *

Libby Ley is going to be at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco for about two more weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose J. Byrne have taken a house up the Carmel Valey for the winter.

* * *

"Bubs" Iverson is recuperating in a Salinas hospital from an accident which occurred on the Salinas highway last Wednesday night.

SHINY WHITE COAT FOR LODGE GATES

The eye-blinding vision at the summit of the Carmel hill is not the pearly gates. The new adobe gate keeper's lodge of the Del Monte properties is finally getting its coat of white paint. Perhaps they'll even persuade the gate keeper to give up his old guard house which is now wired on front of the new ticket-office. Sentiment is all right, but it shouldn't be allowed to interfere with progress. Progress is all right, but it shouldn't be blinding.

Desperados Shoot Windows With BB's

Three desperate BB gun marksmen were apprehended last Wednesday and their gats added to the police arsenal. Mrs. M. F. Stewart of Mission and Fifth reported to Bob Norton that the aim of the boys was a little too good and they shot out one of her windows. Wall, Wiegold and Moltini were the desperados.

Ted Sierka left Monday for Bakersfield, where he plans to do some work in the oil fields.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant are back in the "Villa Amicis" for the winter.

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Of C. A. Smith's Latest Poems

Of interest to local poetry lovers will be the small volume, "Nero and Other Poems", by Clarke Ashton Smith, recently printed by the Futile Press of Lakeport, California.

The volume is small but contains a wealth of beautiful poetry from the gifted pen of this young writer. Interesting, too, is the binding and format of the volume, for it is undoubtedly experimental on the part of the Futile Press.

Clarke Ashton Smith lives on a ranch near Auburn, California, and has attracted a small but extremely worthwhile audience for his poems for the past several years. In writing of him, David Warren Ryder, well known to Californians, says: "While versifiers and poetasters almost without number were gaining the public's accolade, this man, who in our generation, in all probability is the fittest to wear the mantle of Shakespeare and Keats, has remained unheralded and almost unheard of—more proof, it seems, that we have eyes to see and ears to hear only the lurid and the sensational. Do I, in speaking so unequivocally, speak alone? Fortunately, I do not. No less a discerning critic than the late George Sterling—discerning, because he knew and frankly voiced his own poetic limitations—wrote of Smith's poetry in these words:

"Because he has lent himself the more innocently to the whispers of his subconscious daemon, and because he has set those murmurs to purer and harder crystals than we others, by so much more will the poems of Clarke Ashton Smith endure . . . But let him who is wortry by reason of his clear eye and unjaded heart wander across these borders of beauty and mystery and be glad."

One of the outstanding poems from the volume, "Nero", is "Retrospect and Forecast", reprinted here.

Retrospect and Forecast

by

CLARKE ASHTON SMITH

Turn round, O Life, and know with eyes aghast
The breast that fed thee—death, disguiseless, stern:
Even now, within thy mouth, from tomb to urn,
The dust is sweet. All nurture that thou hast
Was once as thou, and fed with lips made fast
On death, whose sateless mouth it fed in turn.
Kingdoms abased, and thrones that starward yearn,
All are but ghouls that batten on the past.

Monstrous and dread, must it forever abide,
This inescapable alternity?
Must loveliness find root within decay,
And night devour its flaming hues alway?
Sickening, will Life not turn eventually,
Or ravenous death be satisfied?

Jean Cowen, who is attending Pomona College, spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Carmel with her mother, Mrs. Fred Godwin.

FRANK LLOYD IS A HARD WORKING MAN

Frank Lloyd was in town for his weekly visit with Marjory and family. Occasionally Marjory has been tripping to Watsonville to look for a house so that the family may be reunited, but houses aren't to be found in that thriving lettuce capital (C. of C. may copy). They are now hunting in the suburban town of Freedom; Marjory says she'd just as soon live there if it had kept its original old name of Whiskey Hill.

Frank has been working like a mad thing to get the new Watsonville Morning Sun started. The paper is only about two weeks old and it demands at least fourteen-hour days to get it on its feet. Consequently Frank's days off are spent in a comatose condition.

NATURE STUDIES NATURE

MUDDY WATER

The prying squid makes her bid
For a gossiping round-the-towner,
She does squirt with inky dirt
The water all around her.

LOCAL LETER WRITER MAKES GOOD IN TIME

OMNISCIENCE SMACKED

Sirs:

In TIME'S review of Anthropologist Hooton's "Apes, Men and Morons" you quote his statement that sooner or later the public is going to call Science's bluff of omniscience. As the worthy professor is guilty of many positive statements which smack of omniscience his bluff is herewith called.

With his measurements of skulls; with his statements that morons and imbeciles are on the increase among us, that man's meddling with nature has been detrimental to his own evolutionary status, there is no quarrel. But when he says: "the quality of any individual mind is probably inherent and immutable", that, "we must improve man before we can perfect his institutions and make him behave", that, "the human improvement required is primarily biological," he is talking nonsense. Or, rather, he is talking like that flower of our higher institutions of learning, a college professor.

There have been other observers of human behavior who hold opposite views from the learned professor. Says Anthropologist Robert Briffault, "stupidity is deliberately, laboriously, vigilantly cultivated by the established institutions of medievalism, barbarism, and savagery, whose survival in a world of multiplied intelligence requires that stupidity—a stupidity which is an artificial product. It is not innate, it is not inevitable." Said famed Political Economist John Stuart Mill, "of all the vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences."

R. A. KOCHER, M. D.
Carmel, Calif.

A Candid Form-Filler

SACRAMENT, Dec. 1. — Officials of the State Department of Employment were somewhat amazed recently when they received a registration form from a Southern California employer who hires four or more persons.

Answers to questions on the form were:

1. When did you commence business?

"One day when I went nuts".

2. From whom did you purchase it?

"A fellow who was smarter'n me."

3. His address?

"He's left the country!"

Letitia Brown, from the Bay Region, spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Carmel as the guest of Hester Schoeninger.

Flashlights

Dan James sitting on a pick at the "49ers", too big a boy for a tack, it would seem.

* * *

Lloyd Weer, director and head villain of the "49ers" getting social back stage and leaving Harold Gates stranded and ad-libbing on stage.

* * *

The Frank Lloyds trying to steal a car which they had already arranged to buy from the John Steinbecks, but being unable to wire around the ignition lock.

* * *

La Belle (Body Beautiful) Dahl joining a circus to meet her husband in Spain. Not a local note, but a note.

* * *

Jerry Chance, the piano pounder par excellence, yawning through the most exciting climax of the 49ers.

* * *

Cast of the 49ers dancing the Virginia reel to the tunes of the Haywire Orchestra at Mrs. Garcia's Tamale Parlor.

* * *

A decline of real estate in Los Angeles . . . boo!

* * *

Three men waxing a car alongside the Carmel-Pacific Grove road on Sunday, miles away from any residences. Nature lovers, no doubt.

* * *

An innocent blue-eyed blonde coming in to the Aztec Shop and asking Jerry Chance if he had any poison rings like the Borgia's used to wear.

* * *

Bob Meltzer protecting his dog, a newcomer, from the canine street roughs on Ocean avenue.

* * *

Phil Nesbitt being held up for half an hour by a funeral procession.

* * *

Sammy Colburn breaking into the oil business.

* * *

Jerry Chance taking a bow at the First Theater in Monterey and walking over to the piano to find a lack of piano stools.

* * *

Sunday pedestrians on Dolores Street dodging showers of old roofing material.

* * *

W. K. Bassett with pad and pencil interviewing a baby in a perambulator in front of the Carmel Bank . . . Was it you, W. K.?

Purse Thought Stolen Found Under Table

The purse reported stolen from the car of Katherine Bank on Sixth and Guadalupe on November 11th, was found under the table in her Carmel house, Charlebois house. Mrs. Banks had dropped it there when last in Carmel. Among the contents of the bag was a Big Game ticket, the loss of which originally was a tragedy. Mrs. Banks now undoubtedly considers herself lucky not to have participated in that public baths event.

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-:- Vasquez and the Borrowed Guitar -:-

By NAUN LILIENCRANTZ

This is a story of one of Monterey's most noted citizens ,a tall young man by the name of Vasquez, Tiburcio Vasuqez, who roamed this state with a price on his head put there by the forces of law and order. Dona Altagracia Barcelona remembers this story for she was as beautiful as her name is musical, and besides, she was the best dancer in Tres Pinos.

One day in early spring a little group of men rode up to the Sepulveda ranch to be greeted with great joy for the leader was Vasquez, astride his famous palomino horse, and with him rode Cleodovio Chavez and several more of the band. Quickly the word passed from ranch to ranch and quickly the neighbors gathered for a fandango to celebrate the pleasant occasion. No sooner was the house full of guests than a terrible tragedy faced the gathering. There was no guitar and how could there be dancing without music? Such a situation was unparalleled in the whole history of California. The ladies shed futile tears for Vasquez was a great favorite among them.

Ride to Hollister

Rising to the occasion, however, the bandit leader turned to his lieutenant, Cleodovio and bade him ride to Charlie Mann's saloon in Hollister and beg the use of a guitar. With all speed the young man set forth, singing softly to himself as he rode through the evening. Down through the rolling hills and out to the valley he rode, thinking sweetly of the music, the aguardiente, the moon that would flood the garden with its fragrant Castilian roses. Most of all he thought of the girls who flirted so prettily and danced so gaily . . . Chavez rode across the valley thinking of the girls.

In Charlie Mann's saloon were several of the boys, drinking their whisky and talking big. Charlie watched and listened but said very little. When he heard a rider stop beyond the swinging doors he reached for the bottle in anticipation, another customer was another customer. As the visitor's boots clicked across the wooden floor the men turned with idle curiosity but, with recognition, the words of greeting froze on their lips. The visitor, walking warily as a cat, crossed the room and leaned against the bar with his back to the wall. His smile was sweet and his voice was soothing as he ordered a drink. There was not a sound in the room but all eyes watched the young Spaniard swallow the liuqor and heard the tinkle as he put down the glass.

Senor, a Guitar

"Senor," he said to Charlie, "I have ridden far today for the privilege of dancing with the very charming girls near your town. The frijoles are cooking . . . the aguardiente is waiting . . . the girls are waiting . . . but we have no guitar. Without the guitar, I cannot dance. Will you lend the instrument lying there behind the bar?"

The silence was broken by the loud laughter of the customers in Charlie Mann's saloon. It was more loud than reassuring.

"And if I lend you my guitar when will you bring it back?" Behind his poker face a sly smile came into the barkeeper's eyes.

"There will be a moon tonight," said Chavez, "and we will dance till dawn. One hour after the dawn I will bring it back to you."

Charlie handed the instrument over the bar. Cleodovio took it gently and backed softly out of the door. They heard him ride away into the gathering night but not until the galloping hoof beats were lost in the distance did the men come out of their trance-like state.

Vasquez Is Near

"What does it mean, him coming here?"

It means that Vasquez is around, Chavez is his spy. Better round up the boys. Send someone to Salinas to find the Sheriff and bring him back. There's going to be trouble!" Charlie spoke with authority for he was a deputy sheriff.

From the back of the room an hysterical voice entered the conversation.

"Chavez coming here means just one thing. Them bandits is planning a raid. Vasquez has friends around here. Come on, we got to be ready for them."

Forgetful of their unfinished drinks the men poured out into the street shouting the news at the top of their voices. Gatherings force at every corner they crowded into the Sheriff's empty office, each man with his own plan.

As the news spread the women became hysterical while the men lost precious hours discussing the best plan to combat this dreaded atack. At last order was restored when one brave soul took charge of the mob and whipped them into line. Since it was almost certain that the bandits would appear from Tres Pinos, they were known to have many friends in that region, the vigilantes determined to defend the town from that side.

Townsmen Entrenched

By frantic work, assisted by the women, now somewhat calmer, the defenders built makeshift trenches, gathered sufficient ammunition to hold the fort for a lengthy seige, threw up barricades across the road behind which they stationed their best marksmen and then, at last, they settled down to wait the coming attack.

The men were divided into two groups, one to sleep while the other watched. The moon looked down with deadly coolness upon the fort. So cool was her glance that the men shivered in their boots until the public-spirited saloon keepers hastened to their deserted bars to return staggering under jugs of potent and fiery liquid. This disappeared in short order but the supply was unlimited.

At midnight the women, thrilled by the heroism of their defenders, served a big meal before retiring behind locked doors.

Food and drink gradually calmed the nerves of the vigilantes, their talk grew quieter, their naps longer. As the night wore on they fell into heavy sleep, leaving only two guards to watch for the invading forces.

Fiesta In Tres Pinos

While all this was going on in the town, out by Tres Pinos the dancers whirled and dipped, hands clapped, aguardiente passed around and the guitar sang under the magic fingers of withered old Natchez himself. Dona Alta gracia danced the bamba without spilling one drop of water from the glass balanced on her pretty head.

Slowly the moon drifted across the sky, chuckling to herself, and the chuckles sent little gusts of wind to sway the roses growing against the adobe wall. A hurrying dawn gradually crowded her behind the cool, high mountain.

Then Vasquez turned to his lieutenant with a questioning glance and Cleodovio, nodding sadly, took the guitar from Natchez' weary hands, mounted his horse and set out for the town to return the borrowed property. As before, he rode gaily down through the rolling hills to the floor of the valely growing visible in the early morning light. Chavez was happy, it had been a good night, the girls were as charming as a man could find, the roses as fragrant, the food as tempting. He thought of the little Juanita who had looked at him so sweetly during the dance and he thought of her lovely lithe body . . . again Chavez rode toward Hollister thinking of the girls.

No Welcome

As he came softly singing to the town he realized that things had changed. There was scant hospitality and no courtesy in the litter across the road. He came slowly on and saw the barricades, he saw the sleeping sentries and still he came closer, ready to wheel at the least sign of life.

When Chavez reached the fort he looked down at the vigilantes, sleeping so peacefully and noisily, he looked at the empty gallon jugs, at the loaded rifles so handily stacked against the wall. It is said that Cleodovio laughed in the early morning.

He laid the guitar on the barricade. He pulled out his revolver and fired two shots into the air and as the startled defenders awoke to stare drunkenly after his flying horse he called gaily back to them, "Muchas gracias, senors. Good hunting"!

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel
Monte Verde Street, one block North of Ocean Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth
Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p. m.
Reading Room
Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde
Open Week Days 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Open Every Evening Except Wednesdays and Sundays, 7:00 to 9:00
Holidays 1 to 5 p. m.
Public Cordially Invited

Three Neophytes Represented In December Art Association Show

The new monthly show of the Carmel Art Association will be juried and hung today. A feature of the December show will be the work of three new members. New members are applying for membership all the time and the association is growing very fast. The new members are A. F. Hermanovsky, Joe Cannon and Louise Jenkins.

Hermanovsky is a protege of John O'Shea. His colors are very similar to John's. Rich, bright more or less flat planes of color, applied thickly. Perhaps the work is too spotty and assuredly the one piece at the gallery has too small a scale of values.

William Cannon is a water colorist who has gotten a good mastery over his medium. His color is clear and bright and his brush work is simple and strong. He has a clean and definite approach to the Mexican subjects by which he is represented.

Louise Jenkins is from the Monterey Country Club. Her work is inclined to be weak in color and form. Her colors border on monotone greys.

LOCAL RED CROSS DRIVE A RECORD

Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, broke all records in the 1937 Roll Call and Relief Budget campaign closed on Thanksgiving, reports Mrs. S. A. Trevvett, general chairman. "It was by far the best campaign ever conducted by the chapter", stated Mrs. Trevvett, "and I have reason to feel proud of the work accomplished by our organization in contacting nearly every home in the district with marked success.

"The result of the campaign effort up to Monday noon showed an enrollment of 850 members under Red Cross banner and a total of $4346 subscribed by our citizens in order that the relief program can be continued another year in as efficient manner as in the past under the the direction of Miss E. Leslie King, our efficient case worker."

Mrs. Trevvett further stated that the district organization under the leadership of Miss Florence Curtin accomplished a fine piece of work. Already Miss Curtin has pledged many of the women of her group to work for the Roll Call next year.

At All Saint's Church, this Wednesday afternoon the annual meeting of Carmel Chapter will be held and those interested in the activities of Red Cross will be welcome to hear the reports for the year. The election of one-third of the members of the governing board will be held at this time and other important matters discussed. This meeting is called for 3:30.

CLASSIFIED ADS

T—Come home, all is forgiven—Gilda.

MISSION TRACT LOTS $1550: A section of new homes, with beautiful outlook, unobstructed views 60x100 ft. All wires underground, gas, water, electricity, telephone; 60-ft. strets. Fine value at $1550. CARMEL REALTY CO., Ocean Ave., Carmel. Phone 66.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Alameda

In the Matter of the Estate of FERDINAND WILHELM VOWINCKEL, also known as F. K. VOWINCKEL, Deceased.

No. 63111

Notice is hereby given that HELEN F. RICE, CHARLES SCHLESSINGER and A. P. BLACK, as executors of the estate of FERDINAND WILHELM VOWINCKEL, also known as F. W. Vowinckel, deceased, will sell at private sale, in one parcel, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to confirmation by the above entitled court, on or after the 2nd day of December, 1937, all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate of the said FERDINAND WILHELM VOWINKEL, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the real property hereinafter described, and all the right, title, interest, claim and property that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, and more particularly described as follows:

Lot 2, Block 19 as per "Map of Oak Grove Monterey County California, Surveyed by Little and Smith" filed for record August 19, 1889 in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Monterey, State of California, in Volume 1 of Maps "Cities and Towns" at page 20.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in lawful money of the United States, Ten (10) percent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale. Deed and abstract or title policy at the expense of the purchaser.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Sherman & Peters, attorneys for said executors, 2100 Mills Tower, San Francisco, or may be delivered to said executors personally, in the City and County of San Francisco, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated: Nov. 4, 1937.

HELEN F. RICE,
CHARLES SCHLESSINGER,
A. P. BLACK,
Executors.

SHERMAN & PETERS,
Attorneys for Executors,
2100 Mills Tower,
San Francisco, California.

Pub: Nov. 17-24; Dec. 1, 1937.

The Net Menders - - - - Monterey

—By BRUCE ARISS

Professor Derides "Ashcan" Poetry

Never since the days of the Post's Corner has the level of English verse in respect to subject matter and singing quality sunk so low as it has today, says Dr. Frederic T. Blanchard, professor of English in the University of California on the Los Angeles campus.

"One modern writer has told us that 'the past is a bucket of ashes' and now as we look about us we see our enterprising young intellectuals rising like the phoenix of old, each from his own behavioristic ashcan", said Dr. Blanchard, an international authority on English literature of the eighteenth century and Encyclopaedia Brittanica author.

"A native gift of poetic imagination is not enough by itself," he told summer session students. "It must be pruned and cultivated. Like good fruit, good poems should not be picked too green. They need that mellowing sort of revision which stops on just the right side of decay."

One remedy for the modern dearth of good poetry, the U. C. L. A. educator believes, would be the revival of the now old-fashioned practice of having children memorize great passages of poetic charm.

Sea Serpent Dug Up By Island Geologist

Spectacular proof that the fabled sea serpent really did exist has been brought right home to California, with the finding and examination of a splendidly preserved fossil, Plesiosaur, in the San Joaquin Valley. The monster, which is some 30 feet long in its fossilized form, is of a particularly rare type, according to Dr. C. L. Camp, curator of the Museum of Paleontology, University of California, who assisted in directing the excavation work. Up to this time the Plesiosaur, great turtle-like marine reptile, has been unknown on this coast, although fossil fragments have been found elsewhere in the country.

The specimen was first uncovered by Frank Paive, a laborer, while hunting for gypsum in the oily shale 30 miles west of Mendota. The Fresno State College was notified, and Professor W. M. Tucker, head of the geology department of the college, notified the University of California.

Art and Artists In National Parks

THE story of the sculptured figures scattered throughout the parks of the National Capital plays an important part in the story of the Nation's destiny. A glance at the roster of soldiers and statesmen thus memorialized is an honor roll of those who have made history. This is equally true of the creators of the statues and memorials. All represent men who have done important things for the art of their country.

Recently there nas been a new development in the smaller parks of the city, and an appreciation of decorative and symbolic sculpture has gained favor. Formerly the equestrian statue won its share of honor and popularity. The first equestrian statue erected in this country was that of Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States. It was cast from cannons taken during the War of 1812, and is now effectively placed in Lafayette Square in an open plaza opposite the White House. It shows Jackson on his war horse receiving the salutes of his victorious army. Fine balance is shown in the figures of horse and rider, although the proportions and treatment seem a bit strange today. The statue is the work of Clark Mills, who was presuaded to come to Washington to make sketches of the proposed statue to submit to Congress. So highly successful were the sketches that Congress commissioned Mills at once to make the statue. To accomplish this, he had to build a foundry in which to cast the work, which was finally unveiled on January 8, 1853, the thirty-eighth anniversary of Jackson's victory at New Orleans. As a companion to this is the equestrian statue of the First President in the uniform of the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. This is also by Clark Mills, a much better work than the "Jackson", and is now in Washington Circle. In this statue the face is a faithful copy of the famous bust by the French sculptor Houdon, who came from France and visited Mount Vernon where he modeled the face of Washington.

Graphic Picture of Oriental War

The graphic picture of how modern warfare can lay waste the work and progress of civic and cultural improvements, including low-cost housing projects, recreational centers, libraries, schools, and skyscraper business and residential districts is revealed in the September issue of the "March of Time", screen presentation made public today. The city happens to be Shanghai and the country China, but the same events could happen in any other metropolis in any other nation.

Taken by Harrison Forman and Charles Herbert, staff photographers, the "March of Time" screen presentation is a documentary film of a nation's struggle to catch up with the swift, yet more pleasant, pace of modern life—only to be caught helplessly between two war machines whose destructive forces also have been modernized to such a degree that destruction is much faster than construction.

Critics attending the initial New York previews describe the current March of Time release as comparable to the fictional "Cavalcade" or "The First World War" in dramatic value, with the advantage of being presented while the history which is depicted is being made. The "March of Time" received the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences special award March 4, 1937, for unusual treatment of contemporary historical events.

Luggage On Autos Subject to Regulation

Carrying luggage or other equipment that extends beyond the line of the hub caps on the left side of an automobile is prohibited by state law, it is pointed out by the California State Automobile Association. Such loads may be carried on the right side of a vehicle, but must not extend more than six inches beyond the line of the hub caps. Carrying tires in front of the radiator is also prohibited, except on commercial vehicles.

John Gilroy, for whom the town in Santa Clara County is named, was the first American to take up his residence in this state.

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